

Eric Magni: A Short Story Collection

Copyright 2015 Eric Magni
Published by Eric Magni at Smashwords

Smashwords Edition License Notes

This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This ebook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your enjoyment only, then please return to Smashwords.com or your favorite retailer and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

Table of Contents

[Prologue](#)

[Early Morning Sunshine](#)

[Fleshy Femme Fatale](#)

[A Honey Covered Treat](#)

[Her Basement](#)

[Desires](#)

[Dreams](#)

[About Eric Magni](#)

[Connect with Eric Magni](#)

Prologue

This short eBook is a collection of pieces that Eric has written over the past 12 years or so. The pieces are not quite long enough to be published on their own as short stories, but they are suitable as an example of the growth of the author.

Eric hopes that by publishing this collection of short stories it will build an audience for the novel that he is currently working on. These short stories have helped hone Eric's skills towards the release of a full length novel which he hopes to do by the year's end.

These stories are currently available on www.ericmagni.com as individual tales, this eBook is the first compilation designed to make it easier for the reader to view on mobile devices.

Early Morning Sunshine

I open my eyes to realise I am in a sunlit room on a white bed, the sheets crumpled up in one corner barely covering my naked form. I can feel the sun warming my skin. The door creaks open and I see him walk in. I don't know who he is but I do notice his chest. Bare and catching the sunlight. He walks towards me as I take in more of his naked body; my eyes linger over his thighs, sleek and powerful as they bring him towards me.

He crawls onto the bed over me, bringing his face close to mine. A soft kiss and then he cuddles into me, his head on my chest as he lowers his body onto mine. The weight of him is oddly comforting. I can feel his manhood resting on my leg. I run my hand down his strong back arousing a small moan. I continue my single-handed massage as I feel him starting to harden. Thinking about what is to come is causing a stir in my own loins. I caress his face and pull him towards me. I lean in for another kiss; his lips on mine feel so natural. I could really get used to kissing this fine specimen of a man.

I gasp as he places his hand on my leg. He slowly runs it up my flesh; I shiver with desire knowing where his manly hand is going. Higher and higher his hand is moving while his tongue explores my mouth. Never before have I been kissed by a man, never has a man explored my body as he is now.

I realise I am hard with anticipation, I want his hand on my cock, I want to experience this forbidden pleasure. He pauses on the tops of my thighs; I can sense his hand near my manhood mere seconds before I feel the firm grip encircling me. His first tentative strokes bring forth a groan of deep longing from me.

We break our kiss as I inhale deeply, feeling him squeezing me. He kisses my face and trails down my neck. I know where he is headed and I know I want this more than anything else.

But he has different plans. He knows I am completely at his mercy. He circles my nipples with his mouth, alternating between them. As he centres on each nipple he quickly strokes my cock and then backs off again, just holding me, teasing me. He keeps heading south; his kisses are more passionate, lingering upon my torso. He has reached his goal.

I beg him, "Please, please take me in your mouth, I need you to suck it." He hovers above me, his tongue tantalisingly close to my sex. I run a hand through his hair, I try to guide him onto my cock but he'll have none of that. He grips my cock in one hand as he licks from my balls to the head of my swollen cock. I groan in ecstasy, I am putty in his hands. He repeats the maneuver over and over. I writhe on the bed.

Finally he takes me into his mouth. I feel his lips around me, warm and wet against the throbbing, burning hot flesh of my sex. I feel absolute pleasure as he takes more and more of me into his mouth. I look into his eyes and he stares into mine. I can see the pleasure he is getting from pleasing me. He isn't doing this because I want him to; he is making love to me because it gives him joy.

I know I won't last long under his ministrations. He kicks it up a notch, I feel him run a hand up my thighs towards my most sacred of spots. He lubes up a finger and I feel him gently pressing against my ass. Bobbing on my dick, he presses in as he swallows my cock, my ass

parting as he probes me gingerly. His knuckle pushes past my tight ring; he is deep inside me as my cock is deep inside his mouth. He finds my prostate, and with a gentle rub he calls forth a gush of precum.

He pulls off my cock long enough to smile at me, the look in his eyes shows a burning urge for my cum. I know I am close already, the combination of his finger in my ass and his mouth on my cock are doing extraordinary things to me.

Working in tandem, his mouth and finger work a treat on my pleasure centres. My ass clenches trying to keep his probing finger inside my wanting hole as he pulls out. His mouth has made my cock slick with his saliva. I feel it running down my shaft and over my balls, lubricating his finger further.

He penetrates me deeply, faster and faster. My cock is practically a hose of precum, filling his mouth. I can feel my orgasm building, he knows exactly where and how to touch me.

I run my hands through his hair as my cock begins to pulse. He opens his mouth further, my cock in his throat as his tongue massages my throbbing shaft. I arch my back. A moment of silence falls upon us as I feel the cum boiling from my tight balls and my cock starts pumping. I explode in his mouth.

It feels like I am emptying everything from my balls into his mouth. He just keeps sucking and working his finger inside me as my orgasm overwhelms me.

After what feels like ages I stop twitching from the pleasure and look down. My cock is still in his mouth and I can see my cum dribbling from his lips. Finally releasing my cock he crawls up next to me again and leans in for a kiss. I can smell myself on him. And I taste my salty cum upon his lips and his tongue as we embrace.

Fleshy Femme Fatale

She hated it.

She admitted to it freely. She hated his fleshlight. That disgusting "toy". That thing he put his penis in to feel good. Was she not enough? Why did he feel he needed it, that replacement for her vagina?

It was just sitting there on his side of the bed, he'd used it last night and just left it sitting on the bed side table. It was all she could do to look at it, and yet she couldn't look away. How could something so dirty make him so happy?

Her curiosity piqued, she reaches out and picks it up. The hard plastic outer shell hiding the soft plastic flesh within. Twisting off the lid she reveals the perfectly formed lips of the perfectly formed vulva. "Disgusting" she thinks, looking at this replacement for her own body. Looking at it, trying to imagine her boyfriend looking at it, she begins to imagine it as a real vulva, a real pussy, waiting to be touched. Running a finger along the plastic lips she pulls back quickly, it feels different to her expectations. More real than she expected but different to the way her own womanhood feels.

The plastic feeling, it is almost sticky to the touch. How could any man find this more pleasurable than the hot, wetness of a woman? She remembers the lubricant, perhaps that is what she should apply to complete this experiment. Reaching over to the bedside table draw she extracts a tube of lube. Popping the top, she squeezes a healthy dollop of the slippery material on to the fake pussy. Rubbing it in, she finds it feels a lot different, a lot more like a real pussy. Perhaps even more like her own pussy.

With curiosity she feels a tingle in her lower regions, as she continues manoeuvring her fingers over the soft, slippery lips. She imagines how it would feel if her hand was lower. Suddenly the tingle becomes a more noticeable throb. While she tries to control her own body and shake the feeling, she adjusts the way she's sitting and can't help but realise her own lips becoming moist.

Abandoning all pretense she lowers one hand into her pants, slipping under the elastic of her underwear, feeling the heat from her sex as she draws closer to herself. Her other hand still stroking the fleshlight's lips, she runs a finger along her moist slit to compare the sensations. They feel similar and yet different, one hot to the touch, the other more synthetic and yet, so life like. It is no wonder her boyfriend enjoys using it.

She needs better access though. Removing her pants, her underwear comes off quickly. The cool air hits her exposed lips drawing a shiver from her body. She pulls her top off, her nipples already hard with excitement tighten further with the temperature change. She is now naked and alone in bed with the fleshlight.

With desire pumping through her body she starts masturbating herself and the fleshlight. One finger teasing her hardened clit, the other rubbing the fleshy folds of her impromptu partner. Pushing lower she enters herself and the fleshlight at the same time. The feeling coursing through her body from her fingers catches her breath, it is exquisite. Pulling out of the fleshlight, she brings it to her face so that she can look at it. She masturbates as she imagines it is real, that

another woman is lowering herself towards her face. She's never felt this urge, this attraction to someone of the same sex before but now as she looks at it, she wants it to be real, she wants to taste it.

Flicking her tongue out she makes contact. The taste of the lubricant is unpleasant but the thought of eating real pussy drives her on. Remembering her own taste from past experience she has an idea. Spreading her legs she moves the fleshlight over her own sex. Rubbing it against herself she coats it in her own scent, her own flavour. It is driving her crazy, the feeling of her pussy against another. Her lips against lips. She feels her arousal building to breaking point.

But she refrains, she wants to taste her first pussy. Bringing it back to her face she can smell herself on it. Reaching forth with her tongue again she licks along the folds, savouring the taste of herself while picturing it is another's. She plunges her fingers in deeper, her arousal to the point where she is wet. Not moist but wet, soaking wet. Her body is urging her onwards as she licks and sucks on her new pussy pal.

Pushing her tongue in deeply she inserts two fingers in her own quivering hole, squeezing her legs together she feels it happen. Her orgasm boils out of her nether regions, crashing through her body, racking her with pleasure. Legs twitching, pussy pulsing her, breasts heaving, the hand holding the fleshlight pushes it over her face, down her body, over her breasts, and down, towards her own ravaged pussy. She rubs it over herself, coaching a few last tremors of orgasm before her body loses the ability to hold anything. This is how her boyfriend finds her hours later, nude with the fleshlight between her legs.

She hated it.

She loved it.

A Honey Covered Treat

For this story I was given a challenge. It had to be a scene that included handcuffs, a zucchini smeared with honey, and a blindfold. There must be three totally naked people and one must have a multiple orgasm. Here is what I came up with.

Jessica had been walking around the Fruit Market for some time, contemplating the various phallic objects available for purchase. Her thoughts drifted to the naked and helpless husband she had locked to the four-poster bed with her handcuffs that she had left at home. He was in for a surprise when she found a suitable vegetable. She was in a state of great arousal as she paced the aisles; her thighs were damp as her nectar oozed from her inflamed pussy. Pausing before the zucchinis she moaned as a throb of excitement crashed over her body, she knew this would be the object that would suit her purpose. Gathering up three of various sizes she headed towards the checkout, collecting a jar of honey on the way. If only the checkout chick knew of her plans.

While queued for the checkout she struck up a conversation with a ruggedly handsome gentleman who had a basket full of fresh fruit. Eying her selection he enquired as to her meal for the night. She passed him a sultry look and whispered, "Honey covered zucchini and sausage".

Seeing the look of curiosity in his eye she whispered her plans to him, a bulge growing more noticeable through his tight jeans. She noticed a gasp of excitement when she asked if he was free for the night.

Arriving home a few minutes later, she opened the door to allow her guest entry to her kitchen. She noticed that his bulge had not diminished during the short ride to her house, clearly stuffing her soaked panties into his pocket while he loaded his groceries into his car had done the trick. She unzipped his pants and pulled his cock free of its material cage. Pulling out the smallest zucchini she dipped it into the jar of honey before wrapping her hand around his erection and leading him into the bedroom where her nude husband, Dean was handcuffed to the bed, face wrapped in a blindfold as he lay on his stomach with his legs spread and his ass in the air. He could barely move his head in the position that he was in so when she spanked his bare ass he thought it was just her present. She lubed up his ass with a dollop of lube before announcing the imminent intrusion of a zucchini in his puckered asshole.

He moaned his approval of her invasion as she parted his ass checks and lined up the errant vegetable with his virgin ass. Pushing against him she felt the vegetable slip through his tight, inner muscles. His rectum provided resistance before quickly acceding to the invader and opening up, taking the zucchini deeply. Throughout this penetration her male guest stood out of sight, his cock hardening further as he wrapped her panties around his shaft and lightly started to stroke.

Silently Jessica looked at her silent stranger and beckoned him over, while sliding the zucchini in and out of her husband's ass she reached out and wrapped her fingers around the throbbing cock this stranger had presented to her. Still unaware of his presence, Dean groaned as she went deeper.

Drunk on lust and feeling the gratifying pleasure of the zucchini deep in his virgin bowels, he moaned out to her, "Yes, fuck my ass with your cock". The words sent a bolt of excitement

through her body, straight to her clit, it was like a tap had been turned on inside her. Throbbing with excitement she leant over him, pushing the zucchini deep into him and whispered in his ear, "I have a man with me right now, he is stroking himself in the corner and he wants your ass".

He tensed up in confusion, momentarily squeezing the zucchini until he heard the deep voice of the stranger, "Your wife has offered me your ass."

Shock at first and then devilish submission swam through his body. Almost against his own will he pushed himself back further on to the zucchini that she held. One movement and Jessica knew he wanted it. Pulling the vegetable from his ass she positioned him for the ultimate experience. The stranger got into place between his legs, Jessica kneeled behind him and wrapping her arms around him, she used her hands to lube up and guided the throbbing cock into the waiting asshole of her loving husband.

He felt the head entering his back passage, spreading him apart like he had never felt before. Taking a breath he steeled himself for the invasion he was about to experience. Two manly hands gripped his hips as he felt the pressure in his bowels increasing. He could feel the muscles of his sphincter snap over the bulbous head as the stranger pushed his cock in, guided by Jessica behind him. Fuller and fuller he felt as the thick meat pushed its way into his bowels. Just when he thought he couldn't take any more he felt the stranger's balls resting upon his, gently swaying as they both rocked together to experience the closeness.

Completely full he felt such peace until the stranger pulled back, his cock withdrawing and leaving him feeling empty. He tried to go with, to keep the feeling of fullness but his restraints prevented him. Pulling almost all the way out the stranger teased him, his cock only just in his ass before plunging in again completely. Again and again he did this, driving his cock over Jessica's husband's prostate, the magical button that would push him on to orgasm.

He started to gush precum as they built up a rhythm. He could feel Jessica behind them, one hand wrapped around the stranger, the other he assumed was buried between her legs. He could hear the faint sounds of her masturbation as her fingers plunged into her now soaking pussy.

As they built up speed they built up pressure. His cock was like hot steel but he could not touch it. The anal stimulation was milking his prostate, he could feel the cum leaking from his tormented member.

Suddenly the stranger grunted, his hands gripping Dean tight as he pushed in deeper as his orgasm came closer. He couldn't take any more, one last push and he came, spurt after spurt of thick, ropey cum shot forth from his aching penis deep into the ass of a man that he only knew the name of.

Dean had not been able to touch it himself and no one else had thought to offer. It was the sensation of the cock in his ass that had pushed him so close to orgasm. As the stranger removed his spent cock from Dean's ass, a flood of cum came with it and ran down over his balls and down along his cock. Jessica saw this rush of manliness and reached out to touch it, as she did she stroked the underside of Dean's cock and that was all it took.

And it was not just one orgasm, Jessica slowly stroked his cock stimulating him until it was almost painful, milking more and more cum from his twitching balls. The puddle below him was growing with each subsequent orgasm as Jessica and then the stranger took turns softly stroking his twitching cock and his cum-coated balls.

Dean had to beg for a break. The stranger was still hard even after his orgasm inside Dean. He wiped his cock clean with Dean's blindfold and then he grabbed the honey, and drizzled it over his body as he encouraged Jessica to lick it up. Starting with his chest he drizzled the honey lower and lower until she was licking it off his cock, cleaning him up and taking him in her

mouth. The ass fucking he had just given should have him spent but the euphoria of the experience had him close to the brink again, her oral ministrations pushed him over the edge into orgasmic bliss as she snuck a finger inside his ass. He could feel his balls throbbing as he pumped a second load into her hungry mouth as Dean listened on, still handcuffed and blindfolded.

Her Basement

He'd been tied in place for what felt like hours. His joints ached, his muscles had locked into place, and his hopes for freedom had dwindled. This was not the experience he had been anticipating for the last week.

Weeks ago his girlfriend had pinned him down and made him confess his darkest secret. Under the unrelenting force of her pulsing quim squeezing his close to bursting cock she coaxed a confession out of him.

And that was how he had wound up in his current dilemma, tied to the stair railings in the basement, his arms outspread, resting on his knees, his ass hovering just above a vibrator, completely naked apart from a small steel cage locked around his small, flaccid member.

He'd been afraid to admit it to her, afraid she would think he was less of a man. She was the opposite; she loved the idea of having complete control over him. Holding the key meant holding his power.

He could hear footsteps on the wooden floor above him, it sounded like she was home again. He wondered where she had been, what she had been doing while she had him trapped like an animal in her basement. His heart skipped a beat when he heard the door to the basement opening, the slow creaking of the rusted hinges grating in his ears.

Suddenly he was blinded by light, the sole source of illumination flickering to life above his head as footsteps carried down the stairs. He could sense her behind him as he tried to turn his head to see her.

"Are you thirsty, slave?"

He realised he was parched, how long had he been down here? He nodded as much as his bonds would allow, she reached over and started pouring ice cold water over his face. Instinctively he opened his mouth to swallow it, the water running over his body. His nipples hardened from the shock, his skin became raised and bumpy from the cold, the small cock that had started to grow from her presence shrank down again.

He swallowed as much of the water as he could before she poured another jug over him. As he was starting to recover and catch his breath the light went out and he was plunged into solitary darkness again. He heard the door close as she returned upstairs to go about her day.

As he knelt in the puddle of cold water, listening to it trickle down the nearby drain he shivered as his body tried to regain its normal temperature. Alone in the dark, the trickling sound became the sole focus of his attention, the drip of the water falling down the pipe in the dark made him realise something. A something that he had not thought of when first he confessed his desire.

He had to pee.

The excessive quantity of water that she had offered to him that at first felt like a comfort had turned into a curse. Dark, alone, cold, tied up, he knew he could not call out to her and ask for relief. She may leave him for longer if he were to upset her. The pressure was building even before her waterfall of H₂O so recently and now, now he wondered how long could he hold it in?

Still the dripping sound of the water slowly draining away played on his ear. His knees still sat in liquid, every slight movement causing a subtle splashing sound. He vowed to ignore it, to fight the urge to relieve himself.

What would she think if she caught him as he pissed himself like a filthy animal in a cage? Would it disgust her as much as the idea disgusted him?

Drip, drip, drip.

He was very close to bursting point, his bladder was sending signals of pain throughout his body, and he would not be able to hold it much longer.

Slowly at first it started, he could not help himself. The warm golden liquid gathered momentum as it gushed from the eye of his cock, splashing through the steel bars of the cage around his member, spraying out over his thighs and down his legs. He could feel the warm liquid pooling around his knees, the acrid smell of his urine hitting his nose. He could practically taste it on his tongue.

On and on he gushed, the warmth returning to his legs as he pissed himself, finally giving up all pretence and letting go completely.

As the last of his pee dripped from his much relaxed body he could hear a slight squelching sound from the top of the stairs. She hadn't left the room after all, she had been standing there masturbating as he drenched himself with his own piss.

He couldn't see her but he could almost imagine what she looked like, standing at the top of the stairs, one hand grasping at her breast, pulling her hardened nipple, the other hand between her legs, fingers sliding between her wet lips, occasionally probing her hole while rubbing over her clit. These thoughts raced through his head and as usual the blood started flowing south. As he grew harder he started to feel pain.

The cage was still on him. It was large enough to contain him when he was soft but his erection was much larger than the gently curved, steel barred cage. He could feel the bars cutting into his shaft as it thickened with excitement; his engorged head was pushing against the end, desperately trying to get free of this torment.

He pulled against his bonds, he wanted to be free, to see her as she played with herself, to be able to touch himself too.

His struggles only heightened her arousal; the room was thick with the stench of drying urine and fresh pussy. He could hear her getting faster, her breath was shallower and an occasional moan burst forth as she was losing control. He gave one last attempt to break free of his bonds but they held fast. As he slumped in resignation he heard her moan, a deep guttural moan. Her orgasm had finally hit her and was washing over her in waves as she kept rubbing herself.

She almost lost her footing as she gingerly walked down the stairs. He looked so pathetic on the floor, tied up with his little cock trapped in the cage. She took pity for a second before remembering his confession. Now to finalise his shame.

Her ground shaking orgasm out of the way, she felt it only natural to do what she always did after a big sexual escapade. She needed to pee. She had been drinking lots of water all afternoon in preparation of this moment.

Standing right in front of him her recovering quim was just above his face. Parting her legs slightly and rolling her hips she got ready to aim. With a last deep breath she relaxed the muscles of her bladder letting her golden liquid flow.

He wasn't expecting it so his mouth was open just slightly, the taste of her golden shower shocking him into action. He was being used as a human toilet as she aimed her stream all over

his body. And as degrading as it was, he had never been harder. Even the pain of the cage couldn't stop his erection from growing and throbbing. The vibrator that had been placed at his ass, just below him was gently rumbling now, he'd been on his knees so long already that he couldn't do it, he sank down onto it as she continued her relief. The head of the vibrator penetrating his virgin ass, sinking deeper and deeper until he was as low onto it as his bonds would allow.

The vibrations were hitting his prostate as his cock continued to throb in the cage. The intensity of the vibrations increased when she picked up the remote control and increased them. She had finished peeing as he started thrusting himself on to the plastic cock below him, his desire to cum overwhelming his disgust in anally penetrating himself after being used as a toilet. Deep in his ass the vibrator was working its magic, he was close to bursting. The cage gripping his cock added to the sensation.

The final straw was when she reached down and gave one long, hard pull on his ensnared cock. The pressure on his balls, the sensations in his ass, the humiliation of wetting himself and then being wet upon all culminated in a single, earth-shattering moment. There on the floor of her basement, tied to her stairs, he shot forth a wad of his cum all over the floor. And with that first pump he lost it, he started bucking around, semen flying everywhere as he emptied his balls on the floor right in front of her.

After he was spent she looked down and saw that he had gotten his cum on her foot. In punishment she left him tied up for another half hour before finally releasing him. After his shower she asked him if it was everything he had hoped for.

"Yes honey, it was everything I imagined and more"

Desires

Another of my older stories, this one is also a short piece. As I've written these short stories I've picked up little tips at how to better develop a story, how to avoid going straight for the sex and to instead indulge in the creative side of things, build up characters and plots.

I always see her nude on her hands and knees facing away from me. Her bare ass looks so very inviting to me. Her pendulous breasts sway gentle as she slowly crawls away from me. Each movement revealing more of her pussy. I crawl over and on top of her, my arms pinning her down as my throbbing cock nestles between her legs. I can feel the heat from her sex radiating against my belly. I angle my hips to bring my erect member towards her glistening opening. She arches her back to allow me better access to her pussy as I run the head of my cock along her moist lips. Finally I take the plunge into her, her tight walls gripping me as I invade her most sacred of places. Cupping her large breasts I start to thrust in and out, as I pull out she moves with me not wanting to feel empty after having my thickness inside. As I push back into her she pushes back at me, forcing me deep into her. I lean back a bit and grab on to her hips for balance. To take a bit of control back I wrap my hand in her hair and pull her head back as I spank her once, soundly on her taut ass. She loves the rough handling and pulling on her hair brings her closer to orgasm. A few well timed thrusts and a spanking pushes her over the edge. I feel her whole body quiver as I keep fucking her, her pussy milking my cock, pushing me on to orgasm. She looks back at me and tells me to cum inside her. Her dirty talk pushes me over the edge and I feel the cum boiling up from my balls and start pulsing down my shaft. I hold back as long as I can until the cum bursts forth from my swollen cock, coating her insides. I cum so much that as we keep fucking it starts leaking from her well fucked cunt.

Dreams

This is one of the first stories I ever wrote, it is close to 12 years old now and shows the inexperience of a fresh out of high school boy trying to express a sexual fantasy. It is short and is not the best work but I've always liked reading it and seeing how I've grown as a writer from this beginning. I've included it here so that you may see where I started and how I've grown as an author.

Sitting around my room, I stare at the two women lazing on my bed. My girlfriend, her gorgeous ass barely covered by her short skirt, our friend lying next to her, her heaving breasts barely contained by her new lacy bra. I try to hide my arousal as the girls read the erotic letters contained with a porn mag. Discussing the models bodies, their breasts and glistening pussies being critiqued by the girls.

As the girls continue their judgement, my mind begins to wander. I see them, reaching for each other. Sitting up, they pull off each other's shirts, exposing their bras to my hungry eyes. Eagerly they reach for each other, mouths meeting. Softly moaning the hug each other, kissing as they reach behind to unclip both bra straps.

Parting slightly, they remove their bras, breasts falling free and bouncy. Bras removed, they come together, breasts meeting, tongues roaming over each other's, exploring, probing.

Looking towards me, they wink at me as Ash kisses her way down. Starting at her ears, she nibbles softly on her earlobes, down her neck towards her hardening nipples. Encircling one nipple, she bites down gently, sending shivers through Tanya's body.

Tanya stands up to allow Ash to remove her skirt and panties. Exposed, I drink in the vision of Ash, gently lapping at Tanya's glistening cunt. Following Ash's sensual curves, I see movement between her legs, the naughty girl was playing with herself in her panties. She notices my attention and quickly removes her moist panties, the cool air having a visible effect on her hot cunt.

Both women return their focus on each other, getting into a 69er. Spreading lips and tasting each other.

While the girls are preoccupied with each other, I pull my already hard dick out and start to slowly rub it, up and down. Watching the girls fingering each other, I wish it could be my cock being inserted, in and out of warm, pulsating pussies. But instead I decide that tonight I will just watch. Watch these two beautiful women, exploring each other, licking each other. Breathing becomes faster, shorter, more frantic. Orgasms close in upon the interlocked women, pussies getting wetter, more fingers probing warm holes, tongues sliding over clits, causing pleasure and encouraging passion.

Harder and faster they go, orgasms building up deep inside, being drawn out by tongues. teased out by fingers. Tanya is the first to let go, moaning and groaning, she hits her limit. Ash's finger slides over her G-Spot, the last straw, her orgasm washes over her like a wave at the beach. Tanya's orgasm causes her pussy to gush forward her delicious nectar. The taste of her brings Ash to climax. Her face covered in juices, her finger deep inside Tanya's warm pulsing

cunt, she feels the wave of pleasure reach its peak and come crashing down. Ash's own pussy explodes, juices flowing freely from her amazing orgasm.

###

About the Author

Eric Magni is a budding author who hopes to turn his sexually creative imagination into an art form to arouse and encourage others to explore their own sexuality. He believes that there is too much emphasis put into behaving the "right" way and he wants to encourage people to open their minds and experience something out of the ordinary.

Connect with Eric Magni

I really appreciate you reading my book! To find out more about my writing and for news on upcoming releases, you can connect with me via the following Social Media networks.

Friend me on Facebook: facebook.com/EricMagniWriting

Follow me on Twitter: twitter.com/EricMagni

Favorite my Smashwords author page: Smashwords.com/profile/view/EricMagni

Visit my website: EricMagni.com